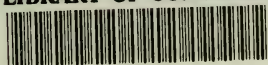


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TO THE DOGMATIST

*To the Dogmatist
and other Poems*

By FRED D. WENTZEL



BOSTON
THE STRATFORD COMPANY
1917

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1917

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Boston, Mass.

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\$1.00

JUL -5 1917

The Alpine Press, Boston

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no. 1.

PROEM

I WAS a child, and they sent me out,
With toddling step and gleeful shout,
To know the Way of Life.

Bitter and sweet, 'mid thorns and flowers,
Stretched the Road of the Passing Hours
That is part of the Way of Life.

Flowers I plucked that I found not fair,
But I plucked them here, and I plucked them
there

Along the Way of Life.

From the Garden of Thought and the Land of
Deeds

I snatched them out from the rankling weeds
That darken the Way of Life.

I sheltered them all in the House of Rhyme
To rescue their fragrance from the Winds of
Time

That blow o'er the Way of Life;

And plucking the flowers ever I go,
For 'tis not for the sons of men to know
The end of the Way of Life.

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To the Dogmatist

WHEN I was a little romping boy,
Wild as the weeds I played among,
Gay as the robin's morning song,
One with Nature the whole day long,
You taught me, "I believe."

Your "Credo" had been but a curse to me:
Mist to becloud my growing mind,
Cell to imprison and chain to bind,
Peopling with goblins the ghost-free wind,—
But ne'er did I believe.

And now that I've grown to manhood's thought,
Creeds are a sick'ning sham to me,
Dogma is palling mockery,—
Thinking my thoughts, not yours, I'm free,—
Care I what you believe?

Tell me not to believe as you,
I think my thoughts, think your thoughts, too!
God's voice to me is forever new,
Care I what it says to you?

TO THE DOGMATIST

The Forsaken Child of God

NIGHT, and the stars, and God's pale
moon,—

Peace in the heavens, but hark! what cry
Wings through the stillness its weeping flight
And wails as it passes, "Forsaken I!"

Armenia, Minerva's child,
Whose wise and potent intellect
Has nourished Europe's dying man,
What aid from Heaven canst thou expect?

Jehovah is deaf,—mayhap he sleeps;
Bring not to him thy gruesome woes:
Reel o'er the desert, thou failing line,
Die to the Kurds, thy libertine foes!

Dead is the State's once quivering heart,
Dull is the edge of their righteous ire,
Shorn of their anger and robbed of their
wrath,
Fearing the touch of Mars' fierce fire.

AND OTHER POEMS

Weary, Armenia, with wind-blown dust,
Mourning thy manhood left slain behind,
Trailing in pain thy blood-shod feet,
Hungry and thirsty,—no help canst find?

Lone in thy misery, lone in thy grief,
Scattered to harem and slavery and shame,
Martyrs to country and duty and faith,
Vanishing, dying,—whose the blame?

Speed to Olympus thy prayers and vows,
Rest not thy hope on God's awaking;
He will not list though thy cry pierce heaven:
Doomed is thy life, all Christians forsaking.

Where is the boasted sympathy
Of them who feign to love thy kind?
Where is their vengeance, where their power
The lewd and raving beast to bind?

* * * * *

Over the Eden of Eve they pass
Suffering, staggering, driven with steel
Into the Hell of torture and lust—
Is there none Armenia's cross to feel?

TO THE DOGMATIST

Rise in your anger, America, rise!

Fling to the winds your pity and tears,
Rouse swift your soul and stay the beast;
Hasten the end of his dying years!

Long has he scourged and ravished and torn,
Purity weeps and innocence bleeds;
Afar from the land of the Prophet rings
Armenia's cry, "I perish!" Who heeds?

AND OTHER POEMS

A Poem from Heine's "Die Harzreise"

I

ON the mountain stands a cabin
Where the aged miner stays,
Nearby rustle verdant fir trees,
Beams the moon with saffron rays.

There's an armchair in the cabin
Richly carved with wondrous care;
He who sits on it is happy,
For 'tis I am sitting there.

On the footstool sits the maiden,
Props her arm upon my knee;
Two wee eyes like stars of azure,
Wee rose lips dyed crimsonly.

And the lovely stars of azure
Gaze upon me heaven-fair,
While she seeks with lily finger
Rose-red lips with roguish air.

TO THE DOGMATIST

No, her mother does not heed us,
For she spins on busy loom;
And her father plays the zither
While he sings the olden tune.

And the maiden whispers softly,
Softly, in an undertone;
Many an important secret
Trusts she to my ears alone.

“Since my auntie’s gone to heaven
’Tis no longer ours to fare
To the shooting match at Goslar;
And how pleasant it is there!

“Here, however, it is lonely,
On the chilling mountain height;
And in winter we’re completely
Snow-entombed and bleak bedight.

“And I am a timid maiden,
And in child-like fear am I
’Cause of evil mountain goblins
Who at night their business ply.”

AND OTHER POEMS

Sudden stops the darling lassie
As if speech affrighted too,
And with both wee hands she covers
Her twin star-like eyes of blue.

Louder rustle moon-bathed fir trees
And the spinwheel whirrs and hums;
Intervening zither murmurs,
Olden tune a-singing comes:

“Fear thou not, loved little maiden,
What the evil goblins do;
Day and night, loved little maiden,
Angels keep their watch o’er you.”

II

Fir trees with their emerald fingers
Tapping at the window low;
And the moon, the yellow Listener,
Makes the whole room sweetly glow.

Father, mother, breathing softly
In the sleeping chamber nigh,
But we two, for pleasing chatter,
Cannot close the wakeful eye.

TO THE DOGMATIST

“That you’re aught too often praying,
Hard I find it to believe;
Quivering lips like yours betoken
Naught of prayer, as I conceive.

“Oh, that evil, freezing quiver,
How it frightens me each time!
But my darksome fear is tranquil
At your eye’s pure gleam sublime.

“And I guess you’re not believing
What you ought believe the most,—
Have you faith in God the Father,
In the Son and Holy Ghost?”

“Ah, wee maiden, e’en in boyhood,
When on mother’s knee I sate,
I believed in God the Father,
Sovereign ruler, good and great;

“Who this wondrous world has fashioned,
Wondrous, too, the men thereon;
Who designed the heavenly orbits
For both stars and moon and sun.

AND OTHER POEMS

“As I older grew, my lassie,
Understood I more and more;
Understood, and came to reason,—
Now the Son I too adore:

“Lovely Son, who loving showed us
All that love in man might be;
In return, as ever happens,
He was nailed upon a tree.

“Now that I have grown to manhood,
Read each book, and seen each coast,
Swells my heart, and deep within me,
I adore the Holy Ghost.

“This one wrought the greatest wonders,
And far greater works today;
He has cleft the tyrant's stronghold,
Cleft the yoke of slaves away.

“Olden mortal wounds he's healing,
And reviving statutes old:
Equal-born, men all are members
Of one noble family fold.

TO THE DOGMATIST

“He dispels the mists of evil,
Superstition’s phantom gloom,
Which our love and gladness soured,—
Day and night our grinning doom.

“Knights a thousand, mighty armored,
Has the Holy Ghost, choice aid,
To fulfill his sovereign pleasure,
And he makes them unafraid.

“Swords of theirs do brightly glitter,
And their goodly banners wave.
Yes, well might you, little maiden,
Look upon a knight so brave.

“Now, then, look on me, my maiden,
Fearless be your look and kiss;
Even I am such a chosen
Knight of Holy Ghost like this.”

III

Still the moon itself is hiding
Out behind the verdant pine;
In the room our lamp dim flickers,
Scarce of light gives any sign.

AND OTHER POEMS

But my stars of heavenly azure
Brighten up with shining rays,
And the rose of carmine blushes,
And the lovely maiden says:

“Tiny little people, elf-folk,
Steal our bacon and our bread;
In the chest it lies at evening,
And at morning it is fled.

“And the cat’s indeed a sore’ress,
Day and night, at any hour,
Creeping toward yon spirit-mountain,
Toward the long-decayed old tower.

“In that place once stood a castle,
Filled with joy and armor’s gleam:
Knights resplendent, dames and pages
Swung in dance of torchlight beam.

“Then were charmed both folk and castle
By an evil-working witch;
Only ruins now are standing,
Owls nest there in every niche.

TO THE DOGMATIST

“But my sainted auntie told me
If one right words fitting says,
Nightly at the fitting hour,
Yonder in the fitting place,

“Then again become the ruins
Castle shining as of yore,
Knights and dames and throng of pages
Dance with merry hearts once more;

“And who has those right words spoken,
His are then both folk and tower;
Drums and trumpets pay low homage
To his youthful lordly power.”

So there blossom elf-tale pictures
From her mouth's own little rose,
And her eyes are beaming o'er them,—
Azure starlight from them flows.

Then around my hands the maiden
Twines her locks of golden hair,
Gives my fingers names of fancy,
Smiles, and ends her tale so fair.

AND OTHER POEMS

All things in the quiet chamber
View me with such friendly mien
That the table and the cupboard
Are to me as earlier seen.

Pleasing, solemn chats the wall-clock,
Faint sounds from the zither seem
Of their own accord to murmur,
And I sit as in a dream.

“Now indeed’s the fitting hour,
Here the fitting place is, too;
Marvel would you if, my maiden,
Fitting words I spoke for you?

“When I speak those words, the midnight
Breaks in morning light and quakes,
Brook and fir trees roar full louder,
And the aged mountain wakes.

“Zither sounds and songs of pigmies
From the mountain’s crevice ring,
And out sprouts a flower-forest,
Blooming like a madcap spring.

TO THE DOGMATIST

“Flowers, daring, magic flowers;
Broadened leaves and fable-hued,
Perfumed, varicolored, passionate,
Quivering as with life imbued.

“Roses, wild as flames of scarlet
Sprinkled from this turmoil rise;
Lilies, like clear crystal pillars,
Shoot far upward to the skies.

“Large as suns the stars of heaven
Downward look with yearning beam,
Every lily's giant chalice
Fills with their descending stream.

“But we two ourselves, sweet maiden,
More transformed by far are we,
Gold and silk and gleam of armor
Shimmer round us merrily.

“You, you have become the princess,
This your hut the tower grand;
Here are shouting, here are dancing
Knights and dames and pages' band.

AND OTHER POEMS

“But now I, I have acquired
You and all, both folk and tower;
Drums and trumpets pay low homage
To my youthful lordly power.”

TO THE DOGMATIST

To.....

THE western skies are seas of flaming
bronze,

The noise of day is still; dusk's whisper comes
To hush earth's weary men to rest. The light
Grows dark, and Night on sable wings descends
And broods o'er voiceless hill and silent dale.

'Tis dark, and loneliness unspeakable
Engulfs my soul. But then with hope I turn
Where mem'ry guards inviolate the only face I
love:

And all the world is light. I need no sun,
Nor moon nor stars to cheer my way, no path
To guide my steps; to know thy noble heart
Beats one with mine, to feel thy deepest trust,
Thy richest sympathy, thy love, thy life,—
All mine to cherish, yea, until the moon
Shall wax and wane no more,—I crave no boon
Besides. I care not for the gloom of night;
If memory keep thy face I can defy
The dark, for thou shalt be God's kindly light
To cheer and lead my lonely soul aright.

AND OTHER POEMS

The Spirit of the American Indian Visits a Modern Soldier

I LAY with aimless gaze 'neath moon and stars
That seeming dripped with blood my sword
had shed,

When sudden heaven a spirit chieftain held,
Who, sadly stern, in stinging accents said:

“From darkened wood where moonlight shadows
play,

Where once the copper savage wooed love's
mate

While Nature's varied music breathed sweet
song,

I rose,—an Indian spirit called by fate.

“Above great cities lulled in sleep I soared,

A misty warrior clad in gauzy bands,

Out o'er the groaning waves of tortured seas

To Europe's crying voice and suppliant hands.

TO THE DOGMATIST

“Canst wonder why this soul long centuries
 flown
Should stir when heaven and earth groan deep
 in pain,
When picture, statue, hope, and life’s ideals
 All mingle in Mars’ caldron,—smoke and
 flame?

“When you who curse with cultured Christian
 grace
My bow and arrow, hatchet, knife, and spear
Join hands with Death on land, in sea and air,—
 Shall Justice slight the cause that I plead
 here?

“Before your eastern foot touched western shore
 I worshipped towering trees and running
 brooks,—
All Nature, boundless, trackless, vast, my church;
 The stars of heaven, bird, leaf, and blade, my
 books.

“A strange new story came with bearded men
 Of one who died both red and white to save,
Who hated war and taught men better peace,—
 How gladly did I trust what traitors gave!

AND OTHER POEMS

“For traitors’ lands are crimsoned deep with
gore,

A myriad beast-like men reel drunk with
blood;

Your children, given no language but a cry,
I cannot hear for roar of Martial flood.

“I see fair fertile fields a desert waste,

Rich century-aged beauty wrecked and lost;
Cathedral, temple, palace, vineyard gone,—

What mortal, red or white, shall reckon the cost?

“What has Death’s sable chariot left uncrushed?

E’en heaven is black with arrows seeking
hearts

To pierce and kill; while hurrying, scurrying
fright

Seeks holes to hide, forsaking streets and
marts.

“Is this how you would calm my warrior soul
And teach the Golden Rule and love’s high
law?

Oh! free my shackled people from your dream,
And let them kneel to faithful stone in awe.

TO THE DOGMATIST

“They need no spear of air nor monster shell
To love, forgive, repent, believe, confess:
What more than hollow, pulseless, Christless
show
Is a creed that veils a sword in readiness?

“What message have you now for barbarous
men?
The Prince of Peace whom war has lately
slain?

Or ever Christ was preached to Indian heart
My people knew the Spirit whence he came!

“They prayed, oft dreamed, oft longed for
heavenly lands,—
Blest hunting grounds, and fields, and morn-
ing dew,
And hills with Nature’s sunshine, wind, and
snow,—
There all the mind’s imaginings must come
true.

“Like yours their heart with deep pure passion
stirred,
Unflinching met reverses, wept in woe,
Cried loud for love, grew hard with horrid hate,
And blindly craved immortal heights to know.

AND OTHER POEMS

“They knew the Spirit,—the Manitou of
strength,

Majestic power, and joy in battles won ;
But not the God of wisdom, beauty, love,—
Do fighting priests teach aught of such an
one?

“Old Europe, rich in lore and law and light,—
Has she a living lesson for my kin,
Of loftier love, or higher hope, or gentler life?
Or is it sham and naught but death within?”

The vision fled. I wildly rose and strained
My burning eyes to see, but it was gone.
Yet deep within my soul one question flamed,—
Red savage,—were not he and I both one?

TO THE DOGMATIST

Senior Class Poem

IT took the worm ten million years
To wriggle up to man,
And man has kept on wriggling up
For years beyond my ken.

He left in fossils marks of strife
That moved the vales to tears;
And I am rich with joys and hopes
Since he braved pains and fears.

In four short years I've learned the tale
Of all that man has wrought
In all the countless centuries
He dared, and bled, and fought.

That I'm the heir of him who tamed
The terrors of the past,
Inflames my soul to be, like him,
A man unto the last.

So let me, Freshman, tell the tale
That makes men's lives sublime:
The kingly man who ruled the past—
We are, as he, divine!

AND OTHER POEMS

To the Girl of Dreams Unrealized

THE farmer boy quaffed cups of joy:
Red schoolhouse of the vale
Deep thrilled his heart with passion's start,—
And thereby hangs a tale.

The lad learned more than schoolroom lore,
And wiser grew with age;
He came to know life's fuller glow
Shed o'er experience' page.

Who taught with books and charmed with looks
Has gone her own life's way;
Another walks, another talks
Where she once ruled the day.

But Time's swift stream reflects the gleam
Of interest back again;
With brightening eye and deepening sigh
Guides he the poet's pen

To write fair lays for her who stays
In the schoolhouse of the vale;
He drinks her smile in gladness while,—
But she must end the tale!

TO THE DOGMATIST

Reveries of a Pessimist

I PLUCKED a lily damp with dew,
Its aqueous chalice glistening fair;
I looked within its pure white walls,—
An insect black lay dying there!

I met her in life's morning hours,
When roseate hues gild all earth's dross;
I saw her inward soul,—and then,
My seeming gain was aching loss.

And so each beauty pleasing sight
Is but the bright veneer of death,
And friendship's fond illusion melts
When truth may still deception's breath.

AND OTHER POEMS

Approach of Winter

A CUTTING wind whirls o'er the land,
The northern herald, furious, wild;
An avalanche of snowy force,
A soul-ful life, and more,—a mind!

Small brooks are fringed with pendant ice,
Their waters cold, as crystal clear;
Long slender drooping willow whips
Are writhing, lashing, snapping near.

On dreary fields high carrots wild,
A myriad grasses, burdocks sere,—
In all this death but one life's breath:
Low fields of wheat, green waves of fear.

Low mountains raise chill lifeless peaks,
The forest, wind-tossed, groans and weeps;
Now through the rattling hurrying leaves
The timid hare, quick-frightened, leaps.

Out from his resting place the buck
Rears high broad antlers, whiffs the air,
Invigorated bounds through space
As hounds when wild with bugle's blare.

TO THE DOGMATIST

Softly, silently, swiftly falling
In milky whirls to earth below,
The air, the tree, the field, the stream
Live one with quivering flakes of snow.

Fierce wintry winds of winter blow ;
From fleecy clouds snow, sleet, and rain
All mingle, fall, bedeck earth all,—
Drear knell of winter sounds again.

AND OTHER POEMS

The Score

ON down the street dance merry feet,
Ring merry bells, bright banners greet;
Six hundred strong they skip along
To cleave the air with shout and song.
Low-rumbling drum, fierce bursting bomb
Of spirit loosed,—hear dead stones hum!
With wondering eye men gather by
And speak a quick and curious “Why?”
Bright arc lights gleam with brilliant sheen
On human “Whys” that pavements screen:
“What can these be, the things we see?”
Incline your ears and list to me.

You know the field, old Franklin field?
And did you dream old Penn could yield?
One score of years onlooking seers
Despaired in gloom and doubt and fears.
Now? Small men? Light men? What if so?
Low pigmies lay high giants low!
Let blood-wars rage, let statesmen sage
O’erturn the world before its age:
The states’ grim war, the red war’s gore
Pale dim. Why? 10 to 0 is the score.

TO THE DOGMATIST

On Founder's Day, March 10, 1915

FORGET today ; and, gliding slow along the
fertile banks
Let memory trace through mists of years the
golden stream,
To where amid the throes of this republic's
painful birth
Great minds gave source to life and thought
that, gathering strength
From mountain torrent, valley brook, and rain
from heaven,
Have poured their priceless waters into sea of
state and national life.
On either side her onward flow unaging, richly
nourished leaf
Bears wondrous fruit that curious youths do
eager seek and gladly eat ;
For thus small minds grow big with truth that
frees from falsely fair,
And reverent sees the spiritual core of earth and
sea and air
And all that is ; and thus hard hearts swell large
with love

AND OTHER POEMS

That overflows and floods the suffering world
with pleasing cheer.

Oh, memory ; dwell upon the wealth of that great
stream

Which gave to art and science, yea, to all the
spheres of life,

Rich blood, new thought, and high ideals.

Forget today ; and gliding 'long her century-
stretching flow,

Rejoice that thou art privileged by her banks to
feed and grow.

NOTE: *Franklin and Marshall College was
founded on March 10, 1787.*

TO THE DOGMATIST

To Dare to Think

*Goethean Literary Society Anniversary Poem,
May 5, 1916.*

TO dare to think,—oneself to face
Again the storm which primal man
Beheld with quaking fear; to scan
The dark'ning sky; again to pace
Earth's fierce-blown shores to know God's plan

In Nature's frown and in her kiss;
The tyranny of creed to scorn,
And thoughts of centuried custom born;
At old tradition's claims to hiss,
To stop the past's too lavish horn;

To dare to think,—unfettered, free
From mandates of the hoary years,
From specters of primeval fears,
From errors ancient priests decreed,—
Free, though it cost a sea of tears!

I cherish all the past may yield
Of truth and beauty, law and light,

AND OTHER POEMS

Its gifts are priceless in my sight;
With miser care its gold I shield,
I reverence and confess its might.

I read with awe in wood and stone
The blood-bought victories of my race,
And as with wondering eye I trace
Their upward climb, 'tis joy to own
Such heroes, and to feel that place

Nor time has ever dimmed the gleam
That lures men on o'er crag and fen
To where, 'mid distant clouds, they ken
Reality will crown their dream
And bless the patient artisan.

I roam the past in memory,
I walk the streets of Greece and Rome,—
In every clime I find a home,
For everywhere men feel, as I,
The urge toward God, the endless poem

That sings man's immortality,
And whispers low of nobler days
When all earth's minor melodies,
Caught up in one vast symphony,
Shall swell and fill the heavens with praise.

TO THE DOGMATIST

Of all the past am I a child,
And gladly do I own my kin;
But in my life it ne'er shall win
The throne of thought. Nor savage wild
Nor cultured king shall rule within

The citadel of mind, where I
In lonely solitude must sit,
The king of it, the lord of it;
Where all the thoughts of history hie
To do my will. 'Tis plainly writ

On life's great scroll that he who dares
The magic of his thought to ply
To pry into the how and why
Of sun and storm,—he little cares
For voices from the past. But high

Above their ceaseless clamoring noise
He stands unmoved. Nor can Today,
Too certain with its science, say,
“ 'Tis thus and so.” He keeps the poise
Of independence, hews his way

Where others fear, and spurns the path
Which they, enslaved by custom, tread.
He moves alone; untouched by dread,

AND OTHER POEMS

And careless of men's smile or wrath
Pursues the gleam. And by it led

He flees the hold of error's thrall,
And freer heights of truth attains
Where Wisdom lofty-seated deigns
To clear for him life's mysteries all:
Its healing joys, its wounding pains.

To dare to think,—I love the past,
The present is my happy gain;
But let not past nor present reign
In thought's dominion. Truth at last
Shall come to me in Freedom's train.

TO THE DOGMATIST

Thoughts of an Anarchist

LAW is evil, man's own nature inly good ;
Highbrowed judges, despot kings, and
tsars,—

All the varied tools of regulating force,
Ne'er remove but deepen human scars.

Law is useless,—ever saying must and shalt,
Holding cross and gibbet, every public shame,
More than inward self-control and pride,
Deeming love and inward justice but a name.

Law is chaining; cleave from righteous man his
shackles,

Swing the door of human freedom open far :
Up shall rise resplendent innate right ;
Out shall soar man's spirit sinless, sinful now.

Law is evil ; heaven is lost to governed men.
Therefore raze your thrones, forget the wicked
past.

Dry your tears for human woes and myriad
ills,—

Evil dies when outward law has breathed its last.

AND OTHER POEMS

Mother

BEFORE rich softening fireplace gleam, once
raven night

Now snowy hair a halo bears of purest gold.
To eyes grown dim through lengthening years,
the mellow light

Faint image seems of fiery dreams,—a flame
burnt old :

Who has not wildly dreamed in youth, nor wildly
groped

For painless paths to royal heights, nor vainly
hoped ?

On rocking chair aged gray as she, absorbed in
thought,—

No lily chalice kissed with dew, no sky deep
blue,

No pearl so fair as she, whom God of love has
wrought ;

Life's mystery nothing yields more pure and
true :

Although thou'rt manger-born, hast richer alms

TO THE DOGMATIST

Than thy frail frame rocked safe within a mother's arms?

A mother's soul who can search out, so vast, so fine?

May mortal sound the fathomless depths of her deep thought?

On rocking-chair companion-old,—deep furrowed line

But vaguely paints the working mind with thinking fraught.

She hears not, sees not, feels not now, but deeply thinks;

Her wrinkled, folded hands lie still, her gray head sinks.

She thinks,—and may we guess she thinks of flesh and blood

That, of her travail born with pain, now racks with grief

The heart that starves for want of love,—heart torn by flood

Of stinging memories bitter sad beyond belief?

She thinks of sons gone forth to war, and what is nigh

AND OTHER POEMS

A mother's bleeding heart whose sons in battle
die?

The roar of curdling cannon's voice dread mon-
ster foe,

Horned, fanged, hell-born monster seems to
waiting souls,—

Red monster in whose slimy train drags bloody
woe,

Whose armored claws dash trusting hearts on
treacherous shoals.

Her spirit quails beneath the weight, she sadly
sighs;

But other thoughts increasing sad bedim her
eyes:

She thinks of daughters sunk to shame. Oh!
who can know

The rankling, throbbing, aching wounds that
mother bears?

Pure, virtuous, whole her child she reared,—no
whiter snow:

Men's craven lust its whiteness blacked in
beastly lairs.

Or does the social vortex oft destroy earth's
pure?

TO THE DOGMATIST

Is not "I must" the law that binds her needful
poor?

The mother's voice shakes hard with pain, in
sobs she speaks:

"Ere now has self ne'er moved my soul; e'en
still my life
Is yours, O boy, O girl of mine; my spirit seeks
But means to purge, or save, or bless. I bled
in strife,
I bowed my back, my fingers bent,—what futile
toil!
To feed desire's ravening maw, or war's red
moil."

She pauses, lifts her head, then swiftly speaks:

"My neighbor, too, has boys and girls, but
they are small;
My soul thrills through with growing joy that
greet
The dawn of Peace, when war shall be to chil-
dren all
Sick thing of bones and spattered brains, of
mingled gore,—
High flash from hell, low groan from heaven,
curst thing of yore!

AND OTHER POEMS

“The dawn of Peace, when purity, made money-free,

No more shall yield its crystal strength for food or drink.

I look beyond life's present veil, and clear I see
A world without a human soul near shame's
fell brink.

My neighbor, too, has girls and boys, but they
are small;

Nor blood nor lust-chased need shall cause their
souls to fall.

“Is earth a waste? Christ's spirit steals across
the waste:

Dust climbs to soul in grass and flowers, in
plant and tree.

Is earth a darkened vault of tears? His angels
haste

With torch of love: the weeping laugh, the
vault-blind see.

I see earth's Eden fair restored; men work with
God,

And in His present bow the knee, or plow the
sod.”

Unselfish heart! Thy joy from others' joy is
born!

TO THE DOGMATIST

Thou art the spark divine of God, incased in
clay :
Thy wrinkled-hand and furrowed brow, thy
stooping form,
In service wrinkled, furrowed, stooped, calm
wait the day
When spirit bound by mortal flesh, from flesh
made free,
Shall join the sea whence spirits spring,—God's
spirit-sea.

Thy soul,—is it not the fount whence all life's
glories rise ?
Rich source of art, unfailing vine of deathless
branch,
Bright sun of warming light red-set in azure
skies,
Soft, soothing balm, earth's bleeding wounds
to heal and stanch :
Thou art the world, all form and shape in life
expressed
Is thee in varied changing guise, each like the
rest.

Thou art the fount ; the painter takes a drop of
thee,—

AND OTHER POEMS

Strange prism that breaks in many hues each
ray of white.

The sculptor takes, congeals the drop, and lo!
men see

Stone wondrous-formed to stir their souls with
beauty's might.

Unknowing, life its fashion has from force of
thine,

Of thee were born time's deeds and thoughts,
time's truths sublime.

Thou seest but dim the light that glows, the log
that burns,

But what thou seest beyond the glow, what
mortal knows?

Thy secrets have but murmuring lips, and no one
learns

Save he who, like thyself, to death's gate goes.
Thou art too deep; on rocking-chair, absorbed in
thought,

Earth blesses thee but breathes in awe, "What
hath God wrought?"

TO THE DOGMATIST

The College Sport's Philosophy

SO luring is the path of flowery joy
And grim the narrow way of work and toil,
I wonder why Abe Lincoln trod o'er thorns,
Where lions lurk and slimy serpents coil!

Give me for weary soul soft wine of ease,
And let me live where music lulls and calms;
Where brooks go chattering by with soothing
song,
And merry swallows scatter all alarms.

When evening broods and lights are mellow-dim,
May sweet caresses be my joyful part;
But let the heart be stone — for when I go
I would not leave behind one broken heart.

Or let my tired body cushioned lie
While wreathes of smoke with lazy motion
rise:
So worries fade and visions gather thick,—
Earth's dust angelic wings thru starry skies.

AND OTHER POEMS

When empty ritual groans o'er chapel seats
And hollow music unaccompanied weeps,
Neglected textbooks call and I obey,—
For conscience lolls 'neath ritual's wing, and
sleeps.

Some student friends of mine seem glad to work,
And I am glad they seek truth's golden star:
Their notebooks are as useful helps as Jowett,
Their broad and easy backs ride better far.

A glass or so,—no harm can come of that;
Why, friend, men high in life drink Indian
fire.

If others, weaker, follow me and fall
Am I to blame for their uncurbed desire?

So let us love and smoke and trot and drink:
We're here for royal fun and work must wait.
Let clouds of future ill ne'er cross joy's path;
Live on, I say, forget dark threats of fate!

He best treats self and reaps life's richest gains
Who smiling sucks the honey others build,
Flings care to winds and flies on freedom's car
To lands that charm, with wine and pleasure
filled.

TO THE DOGMATIST

A Dream

OFT had I marked her beauty and her grace,
And marvelled that her garment, white
as fleece,
Could brush the grimy woes of dust-stained men
With healing in its folds, and yet retain
Its whiteness lily-pure. Now as she moved
With lofty mien, but hands in blessings rich,
Among the throng,—I saw the pleading eyes
Of anguished mothers glad with laughing tears;
And men who, like Laocoön of Rome,
Had graven on their face the lines of death,
Round whom the God-cursed serpent tightly
wound
Its evil poisoned strength,—on them I saw
The look of triumph, as that which once
Had clasped its slimy length about their forms
Was turned to dust and scattered by earth's
winds.

A weazened child, whose twisted body bore
The ugly marks of Ignorance, Greed, and Lust,

AND OTHER POEMS

The syllables of whose speech were groans and
sobs,

Came limping to her gracious side: methinks
I ne'er shall see again such infinite pain
And sorrow writ on face of man or god
As then I saw enshroud the face of her
Who long stood silent, gazing on the stem,
The bent and bruised stem, the broken stem
Of childhood's blooming, blushing flower. The
child

In timid, hesitating hope, mayhap
In doubt lest that unusual sympathy
Which beamed from out the stranger's suffering
eyes

Were but another mask for tyrant Industry,
Reached slowly out to feel her snow-white robe.
I saw that queen come down from heaven stoop
And press his fearful frailty close. It was
As if a pitying angel, passing by,
Should see a daisy crushed by impious feet,
And, seeking to restore to God what man,
Forgetting Beauty, and exalting Use,
Had idly spurned and trod to earth, should
breathe

Anew upon the flower the breath of life,
And lift its drooping head to face the sun.

TO THE DOGMATIST

For when again the stranger stooped, the lad
That left her fond embrace was fair to see :
His limbs, that once were gnarled, now showed
as straight

As forest pines ; his eyes, now tearless, danced ;
Away he gamboled free as running water,
As gleeful as the colt in new-found pastures.

Thus, Ceres-like, she scattered from her horn
Of plenty, fruits of power, peace, and joy.
As lazy clouds, hung black twixt sun and earth
And casting o'er the world of men dark shades
Of gloomy night, when Aeolus breathes, move
swift,

While shadows run before the hosts of light,
Her coming 'mid the press dismayed the Fiends
Who long had found delight in chaining men
With fears, and sowing discords, lust, and hate
To mock with insolent, leering face the sons
Of God ; and at her voice, as sweet
And potent as the lyre whose charming song
Could melt the heart of Pluto and recall
From Hades loved Eurydice, they fled
To hide unseen of men, while all the earth
Was basking in the sun of hope and faith and
love.

AND OTHER POEMS

She fed with generous hand the hungry, wan
And lonely in their squalid huts; of drink
She freely gave to all whose lips were pale
And parched with thirst; in her the stranger
found

A hostess prodigal of hospitality,
Who took the friendless in and bade him stay
Where glowed the fires of kindness and good
cheer;

She clothed the naked; they who pined
In sickness felt her near to bless and fill
Again the weary flesh with vigor. He
Who sat imprisoned, nursing dull despair,
Drew from her lovely presence lively hope.
Her name was Love. * * * O, would my dream
were fact!

For if the love of Him whose life was love
Expressed in lovely deeds, were given a place
To dwell among the suffering sons of men,
We all should be as gods, and Earth were
Heaven!

TO THE DOGMATIST

Faith

THEY play me false who in my hopeful
youth
I never dreamed could shame their lips with lies,
Their prayers with fair deceits, their love with
lust,
Their lauded alms with ill-concealed desire
To gain the public eye, or, sadder still,
To turn the thronging feet of those who praise
To barter at their counters. Yet to me
'Tis given to trust that in the hidden years
Which lie before, the good shall crush the bad;
The serpent shall release his fangs; the fox,
Whose cunning is the art of diplomats
And thieves who rob men's gold and steal the
gems
Of Virtue; jungle beasts whose roar and claw
Beat pruning hooks to swords,—all these must
come
To own the reign of Love, the might of minds
Attune with infinite Beauty, Right, and Truth.





JAN 15 1989

